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# KILLARNEY:

A

P O E M.

BY

JOHN LESLIE, A.M.

*Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.*

VIRG.



L O N D O N:

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KELLY: A R N E Y:

P O E M

LY

JOHN F. E. S. L. E. A. M.

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HERE is a secret power in Nature, which captivates the heart of every attentive observer. Mankind in general seem to have an innate love of her charms ; but this passion chiefly predominates in those of warm and susceptible minds. The Author having visited the celebrated scenes of KILLARNEY\*, beheld them with wonder and delight, diversified, as they are, with all that can awaken the powers, and gratify the pleasures of imagination. Under these impressions, he was induced, as leisure permitted, and fancy prompted, to delineate, from a variety of the most picturesque and sublime objects, a landscape, representing select and distinct pieces of Imagery. For this purpose, he has taken a separate view of the two Lakes, and characterized each of them with its own peculiar beauties. The same method is observed with regard to the mountains, woods, shrubbery, and every other remarkable object. The description he has endeavoured to enliven with fable and episode. For the sentiment and moral, he makes no apology ; having only to hope, that the Picture, drawn from his own feelings, may present some pleasing similitude of the great original.

The Author cannot conclude this short address to the Reader, without making his acknowledgments to the many respectable persons, who have interested themselves in the success of the following poem ; and he takes this opportunity of expressing, how much he is indebted to the taste and friendship of the Reverend Doctor BOWDEN.

\* Situate in the province of Munster, and county of Kerry, 30 miles N.W. of Cork, and 125 computed miles from Dublin.



## A R G U M E N T.

*THE Introduction.—A view of the Mountains.—MANGERTON described.—A prospect from its summit to the influx of the SHANNON into the ATLANTICK.—Grouseing.—A view of the Woods, Arbutus, and Shrubbery.—Description of the Isle of INNISFALLEN.—Prospect from thence to the lower Lake, terminated by the castle of DUNLO on one hand, and by that of ROSS ISLAND on the other.—The mythology of O DONAGHOE.—A sudden storm.—View of MUCRUS.—Passage to the upper Lake.—A Sylvan Tale.—The principal objects of the Lake described; the Arbutus Island; the Oak Island; a Rock, representing the hull of a Man of War; a wild Landscape; a remarkable Waterfall.—The Stag Hunt.—Eagle's Aiery.—Echoes.—A late evening Scene, and other circumstances native to the subject.—The whole, the progress of a day.*



# KILLARNEY:

## <sup>A</sup> P O E M.

**T**H Y scenes, Killarney, scenes of pure delight,  
Call forth my verse, and wing my daring flight.  
O form'd to charm, new rapture to inspire,  
To feed the Painter's, and the Poet's fire!  
Far other pow'rs than mine, thy praises claim;  
Yet, strongly glowing with the sacred flame,  
May I, advent'rous, sing thy matchless pride,  
Fair Nature's boast? Be Nature thou my guide.  
Teach me to think, my feeble voice to raise,  
Thou safest, best inspirer of my lays.

A

Where-e'er



Where-e'er we rove, thro' forest, lake, or wild,  
Bring with thee Fancy, thy creative child,  
And gay associate ; aptest she to tell  
The haunt of Dryad, and the Echo's cell;  
Where dwells the mountain's Genius, where the wood's,  
And where the Naiads of the silver floods ;  
Where, seldom seen, the rural Pow'rs retreat,  
The Friends and Guardians of thy sacred seat.

But lo ! in sylvan majesty arise  
The green-wood Mountains, and salute the skies,  
Circling the deep, or shelt'ring yonder plains,  
Where Ceres smiles, and Kenmare cheers the swains :  
No Alpine horrors on their summits frown,  
Nor Pride, dark-low'ring, on the vale looks down :  
No massy fragments, pendant from on high,  
With hideous ruin strike the aching eye.

The



# K I L L A R N E Y.

3

The swelling Hills, in vernant bloom elate,  
Smile by their sides, th' attendants of their state.

High o'er the rest, our steps aspiring tread  
Exalted Mangerton's \* cerulean head;  
Parent of springs, where nurs'd the dews and rains  
Timely descend, to glad the thirsty plains:  
Where spreads the Lake diffusive o'er his crown,  
And, like another Caspian †, all his own:  
While down his bounteous side the Torrent roars ‡;  
A richer tide than huge Olympus § pours:  
Lodg'd in the blue serene, supreme he stands,  
And all the region, far and wide, commands:

\* One of the highest mountains in Ireland.

† A sea supposed not to communicate with any other..

‡ A waterfall in view of Mucrus.

§ A mountain abounding with springs..



The lefs'ning Mountains now no more aspire,  
Parnassus' rivals \* modestly retire.

In guiltless times, perhaps, a Druid throng  
There strung Ierne's lyre, and wak'd the song ;  
And still, tho' rude the note, a learned strain,  
The simple peasants of the West † retain :  
The Lakes, the Isles, the Forests shrink below,  
And, but in miniature, their glory shew.

New objects rise from his stupendous height,  
Nor can the tow'ring region ‡ bound the sight.  
Prospect immense ! our eyes excursive roam,  
To yon tall beach, where rushing surges foam ;  
Where, ebbing from their shores, the waves retreat ;  
One blue expanse of majesty sedate.

\* A remarkable double-top'd mountain.

† In allusion to many of them, who speak Latin.

‡ A range of mountains, called the Reeks.



Now skirting wide, the happy plains are seen,  
Where vanquish'd Desmond \* bow'd to freedom's Queen†,  
The first that gave them peace, in triumph led  
Their tyrant Lords, and crush'd Rebellion's head.  
Now Kenmare's ‡ harbours spreading from the main,  
Invite the passing mariner in vain.  
Hard fate ! shall thousands on Ierne's coast,  
Be still to Commerce and to Britain lost ?

Copious and calm, lo ! Bantry's lordly tide,  
For all Britannia's fleets a station wide ;  
A Port secure, long since well known to fame,  
And signaliz'd with gallant Herbert's § name.

\* An ancient lord of that country.

† Elizabeth.

‡ The river.

§ The bay of Bantry, memorable for the naval engagement between him and the French fleet, 1689.



To Dingle \* far we stretch, and o'er the main †,  
 Once fatal to the naval pride of Spain ;  
 And where, in fruitless war, conflicting tides  
 Dash foamy round the Skellig's § marble fides ;  
 On to the Capes †, where haughty Shannon roars,  
 And drives th'Atlantick backward from his shores.

Thou mighty Pharos of Ierne's isle,  
 Round whom recountless charms, and graces smile ;  
 Whose ample breast the tempest's force restrains,  
 A gracious bulwark to the distant plains ;  
 Th'astonish'd soul all fitted to inspire  
 With silent wonder, and with holy fire.

\* The most westerly port of Europe.

† The Sound of the Blasquets, where some of the Spanish Armada were supposed to be lost, particularly, the Rosary of 1000 Tons.

§ Three remarkable islands on the S. W. of Kerry.

† Loophead and Kerry-point.



Let me, on wing'd devotion, ardent fly  
Tow'rd Him, who rear'd thy awful head on high.

Descending, now, from Æther's pure domain,  
By fancy borne to range the nether plain,  
Behold all-winning Novelty display'd  
Along the vale, the mountain, and the shade.  
The scenes but late diminutive, resume  
Their native grandeur, and their wonted bloom.  
The woods expand their umbrage o'er the deep,  
And with ambitious aim ascend the steep.  
Stage above stage, their vig'rous arms invade  
The tallest cliffs, and wrap them in the shade.  
Each in its own pre-eminence regains,  
The high dominion of the subject plains,  
Smiling beneath ; such smiles the people wear,  
Happy in some paternal Monarch's care.

Shall



Shall we the thicket, hill, or vale explore,  
To cull the healing God's \* salubrious store?  
Or climb th'empurpled summit, there to breathe  
Æthereal air, and view a world beneath;  
While o'er the steep, the Zephyr's early gale,  
And perfume wild, assist us to prevail.

Ye sportive Youth, it is your season now,  
At blush of morn, to range the mountain's brow.  
The russet cock †, forth from his heathy lawn,  
Defiance crows, and challenges the dawn.  
Behind, robust and proud, the well-plum'd pack,  
Rambling, pursue their parents mazy track.  
Here is the mark to win a sportsman's fame,  
The Partridge is a poor, domestick game;

\* Apollo.

† The Grouse.

Here,



Here, train'd to distant toil, you learn to dare  
The roughest deeds, and steel your nerves for war;  
With thund'ring tube prepar'd, disdain to set  
The gen'rous brood, you murder with the net.  
Let nought insidious tempt your manly hearts;  
To poachers leave the circumventive arts.  
Now to the covert brown, all closely pent,  
The Pointer draws, and stiffens in the scent;  
Expectance beats, while each successive springs,  
And trusts his safety to the strength of wings;  
The well-aim'd gun arrests him as he flies,  
He wheels, he falls, he flutters, bounds and dies.

Chear'd by the rural sport, the active Mind  
Flies all abroad, and scorns to be confin'd,  
Sweeps o'er the forest, up the mountain springs,  
Where, to his pendant flock, the goat-herd sings;

C

Lift'ning



Lift'ning the while, Content that never wants,  
And rosy Health reclin'd on balmy plants.  
Whitening the verdant steep, the fountains play,  
In concert with the Sylvan warbler's lay.  
Autumn and Spring their diff'ring seasons join,  
And, social on the bough, together twine.

The Arbutus, array'd in flow'rs and fruits,  
The pride of all the shrubby natives shoots,  
Various their tints ; (not more the Prism displays  
When show'ring on the eye light's parted rays)  
An union rare ; and such the pleasing sight,  
When Youth and Manhood gracefully unite.  
Emblem of Him, whose heav'n-attemper'd mind  
Is form'd to profit, and delight mankind.  
Some proudly upward tend, some lowly creep,  
And some, inverted, stoop to kiss the deep,

Narcissus-



Narcissus-like ; and as the seasons glide,  
Blossom, and bear with interchanging pride.  
While other tribes, but transient charms assume,  
These thro' Killarney's wilds perennial bloom.

Child of Marsh-elder, next the Guilder-rose  
Of humble origin, yet gayly blows ;  
Silver'd by happy chance, how strange to see  
An offspring \*, so unlike the parent tree !  
The splendid native of the mountain's side,  
Now in the garden lifts its snowy † pride.  
Graceful and rich, the Juniper appears,  
Like the Arabian-tree, distilling tears ;  
Here spreading wide, magnificently dress'd,  
In purple rob'd, and by Apollo ‡ bless'd.

\* The difference supposed to be accidental.

† Commonly called the snowball tree.

‡ In allusion to its medicinal virtues.



Deep blushing near, the Service-fruit \* repays  
The woodland warblers wild, and grateful lays ;  
Allur'd from far, they flock with eager wing,  
They feast luxurious, and more tuneful sing.

From one kind stem †, behold with wond'ring eyes,  
Curious and lordly proud, a forest rise.  
No art instructs the various boughs to spread,  
Nor from inoculation grows the shade ;  
The regal Oak, the hardy Ash ascend,  
And their umbrageous arms together blend ;  
The gold-stain'd Holly lifts its prickly spears,  
The Quicken-tree its sanguine cluster bears.  
Their strength, their bloom, all grateful strive to shew,  
And grace the parent stock, from whence they grow.

\* This tree is remarkable for its attraction of singing birds.

† A stem of yew, under the mountain Glens.



Rarely such ornament spontaneous springs,  
Nor wave such honours on the heads of kings.  
The stranger Vine a friendly mansion finds,  
Lodg'd in the cliff, and o'er the summit winds  
In purple pomp, while, like a bashful bride,  
The Myrtle joins its fragrance and its pride.  
Together twin'd, their native union prove  
The God of vineyards, and the Queen of love.

Can Flora's self recount the shrubs and flow'rs,  
That scent the shade, that clasp the rocky bow'rs?  
From the hard veins of sapless marble rise  
The fragrant race, and shoot into the skies.  
Wond'rous the cause! can human search explore,  
What vegetation lurks in ev'ry pore?  
What in the womb of diff'rent strata breeds?  
What fills the universe with genial seeds?

D

Wond'rous



Wond'rous the cause ! and fruitless to inquire,  
Our wiser part is humbly to admire.  
The fair expanse of yonder opening flood,  
Now calls us from the summit and the wood.  
The barks are trim'd, melodious musick waits,  
Impatient joy in ev'ry bosom beats,  
The Zephyrs lead, while new unfolding charms  
Steal on our course, as fancy works and warms.  
Some coyly, maiden-like, themselves reveal,  
And boldly some, our gliding passage heal.  
Isles, rocks, and shrubs, united now are seen,  
And now disjoin'd, the waters play between.  
Beauty, before in narrower circle pent,  
Spreads o'er the deep, and triumphs in extent.  
In mazy rounds of loveliest scenery lost,  
Fair Innisfallen \* courts us to her coast,

\* An island toward the center of the lower lake.



To climb her rocky barrier, and to stray  
Along the path of Kenmare's spiry way \*.  
Vary'd with gentle mounts, descents, and plains,  
Rich, yet the forest-wild, it still retains.  
How green the carpet! while Sylvanus spreads  
His venerable arms around our heads.  
How proud the ruin! † once the ruthless home  
Of pale Austerity, and monkish gloom,  
The seat of Woe, now by its princely lord,  
To Mirth devoted, and the social board.

Forming a checker'd scene, the pendant wood,  
By turns excludes, by turns admits the flood;  
The Sylvan's covert, Naiad's kind repose,  
When rude the Zephyr, or when Phœbus glows.

\* Formed round the island by that nobleman.

† Now a banquetting-house.



New scenes of grandeur open to our eyes,  
Where graceful hills \*, and distant ruins rise ;  
Where down the rugged steep of Tomes † break  
The white cascades, and thund'ring seek the lake.  
Now stretching far and wide, the wat'ry waste  
Softly retires to Glena's bow'ry breast.

Nature and Art their diff'rent claims maintain,  
Divide their empire, and alternate reign.  
The hamlet, villa, and the mountain-range,  
Water and wood, and islands interchange.  
By turns emboss'd, enamel'd they appear,  
And manly strength with female softness wear.  
Here Claude § had fail'd, unable to command  
His ravish'd fancy, and his trembling hand.

\* Those of Aghadoe.

† A mountain contiguous to that of Glena.

§ Of Lorrain.



The eye all wonder, rests with rapture new,  
Where lofty Dunlo \* terminates the view ;  
His all-commanding aspect, rev'rend mien,  
Speak him the ruler of the happy scene.  
Fast by, the Laun's and Lo's † fair currents meet,  
Circle the Plain, and murmur at his feet ;  
The rural Pow'rs rejoice, Pomona ‡ laves  
Her glowing bosom in their lucid waves.  
Once more the charms of Paradise appear,  
And all, but Eden's innocence, are here.

In rival contrast, lo, th'expanded Isle  
Of Rofs § displays her military pile || !

\* The Seat of Mr. Crosbie.

† Two adjoining rivers.

‡ Alluding to the orchards.

§ Anciently Rufs.

|| A barrack.



Long since illustrious, and the royal seat,  
As Fame informs, of Donaghoe, the great.  
Renown'd he was, and rank'd with earliest kings,  
Nor disbelieve what hoar Tradition sings.  
The tale no guise of partial story wears,  
Strengthen'd by faith, and sanctify'd by years.  
Killarney's Prince; his wife, his gentle sway,  
Shall stand rever'd thro' Time's eternal day.  
Religion taught his heart, that crowns are giv'n,  
To serve mankind, and as a trust from heav'n.  
Integrity his guide, he ne'er misus'd  
His pow'r, and happiness to all diffus'd.  
Impartial he dispens'd, (Law's surest guard)  
Disgraceful punishment, and bright reward.  
Lenient, yet just, he spar'd not even his own;  
The Prison-isle \* records his rebel Son.

\* Where, agreeable to O Donaghoe's polity, the disturbers of the State were confined, and particularly his rebellious Son.

There,



There, during life, the factious were immur'd,  
And peace and order, without blood, secur'd.  
Plenty within his walls her table spread,  
And Hecatombs upon the mountains bled \*.  
Pure, as the Sun's bright beams, his justice shew'd;  
His bounty, like the lakes around him, flow'd.

Nor the imperial art alone he knew;  
He read, he search'd all Nature's volume thro',  
Unlock'd her springs, disclos'd the latent pow'r  
Of ev'ry medicinal herb, and flow'r.  
No marks he bore of all-consuming time,  
But, as immortal, ever held his prime.

Once, on a day distinguish'd from the rest,  
Surrounded by his subjects at the feast,

\* Alluding to his hospitality.



Chearful he sat, and in prophetic rhymes,  
Darkling, rehears'd the fate of future times :  
When more refin'd, the wide extended globe,  
Should change her face, and wear a brighter robe :  
When, freed from Gothick gloom, a star should rise \*  
To dissipate the mists in Western skies :  
When curious Guests should travel far from home  
To sail his lakes, and o'er his mountains roam :  
When Ocean's vacant bosom should be spread,  
With forests wing'd, and Commerce lift her head :  
Child of the North, when Industry should shine †,  
All rob'd in white, and ope her golden mine ;  
New charms diffusing o'er Ierne's face,  
The joys of plenty, and the arts of peace :

\* Learning.

† The linen manufacture.

When



When Freedom shou'd uprear her infant head;  
And on Britannia's realms her blessings shed :  
When, from a-far, shou'd come a mighty Friend \*  
Her cause to second, and her rights defend ;  
Thence, how transmitted to a kindred line  
Of royal chiefs †, triumphant, shou'd she shine,  
Immortal Queen ; and find, whene'er distress'd,  
A fort impregnable in Albion's breast.

While from his tongue divine prediction flow'd,  
And firm belief, in ev'ry bosom glow'd,  
Sudden he rose, and, to the gazing throng,  
As some light vision, seem'd to skim along  
The neighb'ring lake ; wide op'd his willing wave,  
And quick receiv'd him in a chrystal grave.

\* K. William the Third.

† The Brunswick family.



But O ! what plaintive numbers can exprefs  
Their doubt, their wonder, and their wild diftrefs ?  
Fears without hope, and sorrows without end,  
At once bereav'd of Monarch, Father, Friend.  
Some years were pafs'd, when as the ufual day  
Of folemn mourning brought them forth to pay  
The tribute of their tears ; with ftreaming eyes,  
They call'd on Donaghoe to hear their cries,  
Implor'd the dire abyfs in piteous ftain,  
To give them back their Donaghoe again ;  
Unceafing, till their wild, and fore lament  
To f Silence thrunk, and grief itfelf was fspent.

Soft, at the folemn interval, the found  
Of airs celestial fill'd the fcene around.  
The hills, the dales, the fhores began to fmile,  
And tenfold brighter fhone the royal Ifle \*.

The

\* The feat of Donaghoe.



The sylvan songsters warbled from each spray,  
The waters blush'd, as at the rising day.  
Thunder, at length, the awful signal gave;  
A Form all-glorious started from the wave,  
On graceful courser, by a princely train  
Of guards escorted o'er the glassy plain,  
'Twas Donaghoe; his soul, tho' rais'd above  
All earthly joy, yet glow'd with patriot-love,  
With ardor to review his dear abode,  
That felt, and own'd the presence of a God:  
His radiant visage, ravish'd to behold,  
His subjects bend their sovereign to enfold,  
Restor'd, they fondly deem him, as their own,  
Seated immortal on his native throne.  
Expectance vain! a happiness so great,  
So wish'd for, was deny'd by rigid Fate:

Lamented,



Lamented, hail'd in gratulative strain,  
Sudden he fought the yawning deep again.  
Too long an absence, still the natives mourn,  
And annual supplicate his blest'd return.  
Oft as he deigns a visit, they behold  
Their flocks increase, their harvests wave with gold.

Thus far all happy, we serenely glide  
Along the windings of the glassy tide;  
Above, the clust'ring Isles their verdure join,  
Beneath, all lucid lies the pearly mine\* :  
A grateful, trembling variance wide display'd  
Streams from the mingl'd tints of light and shade.  
No breeze steals forth the mirror to deface;  
The Zephyrs sleep profound, and all is peace.

\* Alluding to a pearl-fishery.



Such the unruffled, the divine repose,  
Wrapp'd in itself, that conscious virtue knows.

But lo! the wary mariner descries  
Prefages of a tempest in the skies.  
Blunted his beams, the King of day displays  
A paler visage, and a fainter blaze.  
Check'd in his course sublime, the eagle bends  
A downward flight, and to the plain descends.  
The prescient flocks their flow'ry herbage leave,  
And fearful peasants hie them to the cave.  
Rous'd by the brooding storm, we swiftly seek  
The friendly bosom of a neighb'ring creek;  
Such as the grateful port, that tempest-toss'd,  
The shatter'd Trojan \* found on Lybia's coast †.

\* Æneas.

† Est in secessu longo.

VIRG.



Darkness extends a deeper shade around ;  
The lab'ring mountains groan an hollow sound.  
Burst from their narrow caves, the whirlwinds sweep  
Thro' the wide concave of the airy deep ;  
Down thro' the vales, their headlong fury urge,  
The forests rend, and lash the founding surge.  
Torn from the bough, the fragrant leaf and flow'r  
Whirl in the blast, and mingle with the show'r.  
Wide o'er the waves, the beauteous ruins lie,  
And Desolation wounds the pitying eye.

But soon forgot, the short and sudden pain ;  
Lo ! lovely Nature looks herself again.  
The radiant Ruler of the world appears,  
Dispels the clouds, and dissipates our fears.  
Forth from the covert of the calm retreat,  
Joyous, he leads us to the charming feat

Of



Of Mucrus fair \* ; her elegance and dress,  
The hand of some superior Pow'r confess.  
From the pure azure of the brighter day,  
Her native beauties higher charms display.  
Like some selected treasure rarely seen,  
Her vistas open, and her alleys green,  
Her verdant terras, Meditation's bow'r,  
The yew-topp'd ruin †, and the fainted tow'r ‡.

From her proud bourn, behold the distant Isles,  
And the rude masonry of rocky piles ||.  
Grotesque and various, from the deep they rise,  
And catch, by turns, new forms to mock our eyes..

\* The seat of Mr. Herbert.

† Mucrus Abbey.

‡ St. Finian.

|| One in particular represents a horse in the attitude of drinking..



Wide as her bay's cerulean barriers stretch §,  
Naiads and Sylvans sport along the beach.  
There, the bold cliff for ample prospect made ;  
Here, for repose the grotto and the shade.  
Nature and Art, in kind assemblage, shew  
The charms, that from their happy union flow.  
Hence beauteous Imitation wisely blends  
The borrow'd graces of her common friends,  
With kindred touch, she makes them all her own,  
Scarce is the offspring from the parent known.

As one lov'd Image parts with farewell sweet,  
Another, and another still we meet,  
At length the channel gain, which Lene \* divides,  
And, winding, to his upper region guides.

§ The bay of Mucrus.

\* The name of the Lake.



A-while resisted by the current's force,  
We seek the shore, and intermit our course---\*.  
And here, ye Pow'rs, who range the silent grove,  
Watch o'er the haunt, and wild recess of love;  
Permit a rural Wand'rer to reveal  
The tender secrets of the sylvan tale.

Haply, a gen'rous Youth, that pensive stray'd,  
From gay Companions, thro' the winding shade,  
Unmindful of the vulgar scenes of art,  
The love of Nature pressing on his heart;  
Was blest'd in solitude; when gliding by,  
A beauteous female Figure drew his eye;  
Her looks primeval innocence express'd,  
The rural Loves sat smiling on her breast;  
Her auburn tresses to the breeze incline,  
Like the loose tendrils of the curling vine.

\* In passing to the upper Lake, it is necessary to land, in order to force the boats against the stream, thro' the arches of an old bridge.



He gaz'd with transport, ev'ry sense on fire,  
He felt the fierce extreme of wild desire.  
But Honour's feelings soon the flame repress'd,  
And check'd each ruder purpose of his breast.  
Love, virtuous love, the tim'rous silence broke,  
And thus restor'd, the Youth enamour'd spoke.

Say, fairest Maid, whose steps unguarded rove,  
And tempt the dangers of the lonely grove ;  
Say, whence, and who thou art ? thy form, thy grace,  
Proclaim thee far above the vulgar race,  
Above the glare of ornament, or art ;  
Thy beauty beams resistless on my heart.

Abash'd she stood ; but soon her fears subside,  
When, to his soft entreaty, she reply'd,  
Adding new blushes to the rose of youth,  
She breath'd the voice of purity, and truth.

Deep



Deep in these fav'rite woods I oft have been,  
And walk'd their glades, unseeing, and unseen;  
My chief delight, amidst their sweets to roam,  
Or lead the fleecy, bleating wand'rer home.

In yonder vale, my aged Parent dwells,  
Who, led by sad remembrance, often tells,  
How long our noble ancestors maintain'd  
Here regal sway, and o'er Killarney reign'd,  
A region fair; and happy was the state,  
The scepter borne by Donaghoe the great;  
A name invok'd on ev'ry circling year,  
For ever sacred, and for ever dear.

But, dire reverse! that best of Princes gone,  
A lawless, rebel Son usurp'd the throne,

From



From Prison-isle unchain'd a ruffian Band,  
And scatter'd desolation thro' the land.  
Hence civil broil, hence kindred blood was spilt,  
And all involv'd in one promiscuous guilt.  
Nor sex, nor age, nor sacred home was spar'd,  
And Nature's beauties too, the havock shar'd.  
These shades, these mountains, ev'ry Isle can tell,  
What miseries our royal race besel.  
Their fortunes now no more, and all forgot,  
They left posterity an humbler lot.  
From these our fair descent; and with it came  
A small inheritance, and honest fame.  
Retir'd we live, yet live with decent pride,  
The sheep, and distaff for our wants provide.  
'Tis vain for lost possessions to repine,  
And with Content ev'n Poverty may shine.

Whoe'er



Whoe'er to Heav'n, when in a fall'n estate,  
Bravely submits, continues to be great.

Taught to resign, yet in these pleasing bow'rs,  
A private sorrow steals upon mine hours.  
When Nature feels, complaint is some relief,  
And Wisdom's self may yield a-while to grief.  
The feeble Friend, that watch'd my infant days,  
Like the ripe falling fruit, a-pace decays;  
Then aid me, Providence, or soon, or late  
To bear the trial of an orphan's fate.

As one amaz'd, whose all bewilder'd sense  
Delusion mocks, and holds in dumb suspense,  
He stood; 'till wond'ring in the wild to find  
Such native eloquence, and beauty join'd.  
Bless'd be thine haunts, he cry'd, exalted Maid,  
And bless'd the chance, that led me to the shade.

I

Thou



Thou all divine, whose suff'ring merit shews,  
As thro' the rugged thorn, the bright'ning rose.  
Let not a Stranger's vows alarm thine ear,  
Vows lib'ral, earnest, open, and sincere.  
With courtly phrase, their suit let others move,  
Sincerity's my Advocate in love.  
You will, you must be kind; my all is thine,  
The holy hour awaits to make thee mine.

Silence can better paint the soft surprize,  
That flush'd her o'er, and melted in her eyes.  
Pride, duty, gratitude, perplexing, strove  
To rule her thought, and gave a pause to love.  
Won by his virtue, to the nuptial band,  
She look'd consent, and pledg'd it with her hand.  
All blushing from the shade, he led her forth,  
To higher scenes more suited to her worth.

Launch'd



Launch'd on the smoother flood, and brushing thro'  
The bow'ry Streight \*, new objects strike our view ;  
A wild, a rich Elysium they impart,  
Play on the fancy, and dilate the heart.

Thy Isle, gay Green †, of never-fading dye,  
Spreads Nature's comeliest wardrobe to the eye ;  
And when the honours of the groves are shed,  
Midst the pale ruin lifts its blooming head ;  
Now o'er the glassy, and pellucid stream,  
Throws the mild lustre of the em'rald's beam ;  
One everlasting smile of joy it wears,  
And Winter's sickly, drear dominion cheers.

Dodona's rival ‡, tow'rs the Oaken-grove §,  
Sacred to Britain's Genius, and to Jove.

\* Covered with Arbutus.

† The Arbutus Island.

‡ Where the oracles of Jupiter were delivered.

§ The oak Island.



But Jove no longer speaks; those awful woods  
Pour only Britain's thunder on the floods:  
And see, when Nature first to Britain gave  
The green domain, and charter of the wave,  
From yon rude coast, she took the marble block,  
And sketch'd her future navy in the rock \*;  
Chisel'd the prow, and hull; then o'er the tide,  
Reclin'd its sable, adamantine side,  
Bade her black bulwarks distant Empires shake,  
And fix'd their glorious model on her lake.

Queen of the ocean, favour'd high of Heav'n,  
To whom of late, all victory was giv'n †,  
Great, and secure, unless too mighty grown,  
Thy own oppressive grandeur bears thee down.

\* Representing the hull of a man of war.

† Alluding to the years 1758, and 59.



What tho' commotions for a-while prevail?  
They purge, they purify the common weal.  
Tho' with her wanton children Freedom strives,  
She ne'er can perish, while a Briton lives :  
On her own pile, she, Phoenix-like, expires,  
Then rises all new burnish'd from her fires.

Blameless may I thus touch thine honour'd name?  
While thy fair Sister's glories lead my theme,  
Where, far from Art, unrival'd, and alone,  
Nature, in solitude, erects her throne.  
Awful Inspirer! shall we take the round  
Of her romantick, and enchanting ground;  
And thro' the wilderness of mountains trace  
The line of order, dignity, and grace?  
Shall we, embosom'd in their lonely scenes,  
Forget the noise, and riot of the plains?

K

And



And deep retir'd from busy man's abode,  
With rapture view this wond'rous work of God?  
Curious to mark, why so profusely strew'd,  
Contrasted lie the beautiful and rude;  
Why, midst the laughing Isles, and o'er the wave,  
All placid, rugged rocks uncoothly heave?  
Think not the seeming, inconsistent scene  
Was thrown at random, or dispos'd in vain;  
No, thou Instructress fair, in this we see,  
The natural, and moral world agree;  
Evil and good, pleasure and pain, at strife,  
Thus variegate the stream of human life.

High o'er the wild, and thro' the verdant bow'rs,  
Fast on the eye, the gleaming Torrent pours\*,  
Awful, as if within some God were hid,  
And all access to human step forbid.

\* A remarkable waterfall.



Bold, and beyond the reach of skill, we see  
Majestick Nature's artless symmetry,  
The mansion of the Sister-Graces, where  
Unite the Wonderful, Sublime, and Fair.

Fast by, Retirement holds her peaceful seat,  
And views the humble hermit at her gate.  
All rapt in fervent piety, he feels  
His Maker's presence, and adoring kneels.  
Let Tybur \* boast her hill, her olive shade,  
Her Sybil's grot, her Annio's fam'd cascade.  
Let the vain Traveller the praise resound  
Of distant realms, and rave of Claſſick ground;  
Let him o'er Continents delighted run,  
Or search the Isles, the fav'rites of the Sun †;

\* The summer retreat of the old Roman Nobility.

† Those called the Fortunate.



Let him of foreign wonders take the round,  
Unrival'd still Killarney will be found :  
Here, brighter charms, superior blessings reign,  
And Law and Liberty protect the scene.

The restless Passions, which, like pilgrims, roam,  
Here pause a-while, and find a pleasing home.  
From the wild store, the tuneful and the sage  
Catch the warm image to illumine their page.  
To the fond Lover's ravish'd eyes appear,  
The lively transcripts of his Fair-one here.  
Th' ambitious, happy in exalted views,  
The glowing fervour of his breast renews.  
On deep research, the friend of Nature feeds,  
Each in his fav'rite wish, and want succeeds.  
As the scene varies, varies ev'ry grace,  
And heart-felt pleasure smiles in ev'ry face.

The



The Hunter's musick breaks upon the ear,  
Rouzing the savage tenant from his lair.  
The mellow horn, the deeper note of hound,  
The Foresters proclaim, the Stag is found ;  
On Echo's wing, the joyful accents fly,  
The mountains round reverberate the cry.

Rejoicing in his strength and speed, he mocks  
Opposing thickets, and projecting rocks ;  
The shatter'd oak, in vain, resists his force ;  
The distant hills are swallow'd in his course :  
Dauntless as yet, he stops a-while to hear ;  
List'ning he doubts, and doubt fore-runs his fear ;  
His well known range he tries, now devious strays,  
Clamour pursues, the gale behind betrays ;  
Unsafe the covert, all alarm'd he feels  
His foes instinctive, winding at his heels ;

L

He



He bounds the cavern's yawning jaws; and now,  
Darting, he gains the cliff's tremendous brow,  
There, like the haughty Persian, station'd high \*,  
Seems all approaching dangers to defy;  
He gazes on the deep, he snuffs from far  
The gath'ring tumult, and prepares for war.

A patient, active Band, Milesian blood,  
Long us'd to scale the steep, and hem the wood,  
Such as the Lord's own Hunter, fam'd of old,  
For mightiest chace, would glory to behold;  
Or such, by Wolfe inspir'd, that fearless strain'd  
Up Abram's heights, and Quebeck's ramparts gain'd;  
Steel'd to extremest toil, and fit to bear  
Hunger and thirst, and Zembla's keenest air,  
Nay, time itself; a Race of old renown,  
And thro' successive ages handed down;

\* Xerxes seated on Mount Athos.



Their brawny shoulders from incumbrance freed,  
Their nervous limbs, wing'd with Achilles' speed,  
Hotly pursue, and, with unweary'd pace,  
O'ertake the fugitive, and urge the chace..

Divided now 'twixt courage and dismay,  
To yield a captive, or to stand at bay ;  
Maintaining in the pass the glorious strife,  
Like Sparta's King \*, for liberty and life.  
With fury wild, he glares around, nor knows  
A refuge near, on ev'ry side his foes ;  
Forc'd to a long adieu, his native wood,  
Determin'd, he forsakes, and braves the flood,  
Dash'd headlong down: his spirit what avails ?  
Arrang'd below, a hostile fleet assails  
With wild uproar ; he rides the liquid plain,  
And strives th'Asylum of the isles to gain..

\* Leonidas.



Bays far remote he tries, and lonely creeks,  
Steals to the shades, and moss-grown ruins seeks :  
His lab'ring foes his mazy course pursue,  
Like wand'ring Delos \*, now he shifts the view ;  
Now, as the smaller galliot, swift and light,  
Veering he shuns, or meets th' unequal fight ;  
At length bewilder'd, all confus'd he roves,  
Catching a farewell prospect of his groves ;  
All efforts vain, o'erwhelm'd, he now must yield,  
To die inglorious, in the wat'ry field :  
High o'er his back th' insulting billow rides,  
The prow and oar furrow his panting sides ;  
Ungracious sport ! His victors, yet in dread,  
Beat down th' emerging honours of his head :  
Ah ! what resource the lordly prey to save ?  
Driv'n from the wood, and hunted o'er the wave.

\* Supposed to have been a floating Island.



Bleeding he fails, he floats, he faints, he dies ;  
Ungen'rous shouts of triumph rend the skies.  
His hapless fate, the sighing forests tell,  
And all the ridgy regions sound his knell ;  
The Naiads weep, Lene mourns his lucid flood,  
By wanton man usurp'd, and stain'd with blood.

Some pious rites the Rustick's pity move,  
Due to the fall'n, he lops the verdant grove :  
The Arbutus descends, the fav'rite shade  
He rang'd when living, now adorns him dead \*.

The hoary Peak †, with Heav'ns bright azure crown'd,  
And brow, with wreaths of ivy compass'd round,  
Leans o'er the deep ; the base, and shaggy side,  
In sylvan beauty clad, and forest pride ;

\* Alluding to the ceremony of covering the carcass with green boughs.

† The Eagle's Aiery, and where the remarkable Echoes are produced.



Its form, unhurt by tempests, or by years,  
Still in fresh robes of majesty appears :  
The pile superb, as Nature careless threw,  
Grandeur and Order up the summit grew :  
Their easy steps tend gradual to the skies,  
And teach aspiring Genius how to rise.  
Here his dread seat, the royal Bird hath made,  
To awe th' inferior subjects of the shade,  
Secure he built it for a length of days,  
Impervious, but to Phœbus' piercing rays ;  
His young he trains to eye the solar light,  
And soar beyond the fam'd Icarian flight.

On Nature's fabrick, Builder, turn thine eye,  
Whose strength and beauty, storm and time defy.  
Build as thou may'st, still ruin makes a part,  
Creeps in unseen, and mixes with thine art :



The pompous pile insensibly descends,  
And in the dust, thy boasted labour ends.

Awe-struck, and wrapt in meditation still,  
The sound of echoing horns around us trill,  
Divinely sweet; their melody like those  
That charm'd the croud, when Donaghoe arose:  
Various the notes, they warble thro' the woods,  
Talk in the cliffs, and murmur in the floods,  
While Harmony, unloos'd from all her chains,  
Free, and at large, pours forth her inmost strains;  
A deeper tone each promontory rings,  
And ev'ry rock, a Memnon's statue, sings \*  
Enchanting airs, that rule, without controul,  
The captive sense, and steal away the soul!

Haply to tune her woes, the vocal Dame,  
For this retreat, had chang'd Cephifus' stream †;

Her

\* A Statue mentioned by Strabo, which, on being touched by the rays of the sun, emitted musical sounds.

† The native residence of Echo, according to the Poets.



Her flighted passion breathes pathetick strains,  
And of the coy Narcissus still complains \*.

Awake to bolder notes ; the cannon's roar  
Bursts from the bosom of the hollow shore ;  
The dire explosion the whole concave fills,  
And shakes the firm foundations of the hills,  
Now pausing deep, now bellowing from a-far,  
Now rages near the elemental war :  
Affrighted Echo opens all her cells,  
With gather'd strength, the posting clamour swells,  
Check'd, or impell'd, and varying in its course,  
It slumbers, now awakes with double force,  
Searching the strait, and crooked, hill and dale,  
Sinks in the breeze, or rises in the gale :  
Chorus of earth and sky ! the mountains sing,  
And Heaven's own thunders thro' the valleys ring.

\* Alluding to her ill requited love.



Our progress o'er---day fading on the sight,  
Closes this scene of wonder and delight ;  
What time the lakes, the shades, the grots unfold,  
And nightly Jubilee, the Genii hold.  
New dress'd by Flora's hand, the Nymphs are seen,  
Radiant with beaded pearl, and stoles of green,  
Airy they frolick, o'er the woodland sweep,  
They brush the flow'rs unhurt, and skim along the deep  
To softest musick ; while the bright'ning moon,  
And all the stary host look smiling on.

The homeward Peasant stops, and hastes by turns,  
And his rude heart with strange emotion burns ;  
His joyful, rosy offspring gather near,  
The wonders of his magick tale to hear,  
List'ning they glow ; while each believes he sees  
More than he tells, and clings about his knees,

N

'Till



'Till fir'd their little breasts, they break away,  
And round their Sire, in mimick gambols play.

Ye thoughtless Sons of Affluence and Ease,  
Bewilder'd oft in Pleasure's flow'ry maze ;  
And Ye, who beat the rounds of Folly's fields,  
Try what Killarney's blisful region yields :  
'Tis Her's with lenient comfort to impart  
A balm congenial to the human heart ;  
To fill the mind with sentiments divine,  
And all the social feelings to refine ;  
To make the grateful tongue proclaim aloud,  
The praise of Nature, and of Nature's God.



T H E E N D.



*E R R A T A.*

Page 6, Line 4.    *For* Skellig's,    *Read* Skelligs.

14, — 10.        heal,            hail.



E R A N

Page 6 Line 4. In the margin of the original  
manuscript.





